

Sessions

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Summary: "Tell me doctor, am I coming down with some exotic disease? Because I don't mind the bleeding or being set on fire, but the Devil cannot have erectile dysfunction."

1. Chapter 1

Session 1

Dr Linda Martin saw her last patient of the week out the door, and sent her shoes flying. She poured herself some scotch, unable to wipe the smile off of her face. Three days. Three long days away from Los Angeles without nothing else to do but sip Mai Tai in a bikini on a friend's yacht. No patient, no late panicked phone calls, no is-this-thing-on piece of eye candy to distract her, she had to practically pinch herself not to shriek in anticipation. To paint the town red with Mazikeen had been surprisingly entertaining, but nothing compared to cruising around San Clemente Island in the spring. Her pleasant train of thoughts was interrupted by a quiet knock on the door, followed by Lucifer waltzing in like he owned the place.

"Lucifer?" She was certain she had locked the door just now. Maybe not, she thought, her mind suddenly working at a sluggish pace. She pushed her glasses up the bridge of her nose, eyes blinking like a deer caught in the headlights of a ten-ton truck. "Did we have an appointment?" she asked, wishing her Louboutin weren't scattered in his path. She laced her fingers over the files, sat straighter, fighting the heat between her legs. Oh god, this patient will be her undoing.

"No, no, I just dropped by to tell you you were right," Lucifer cheered, unaware of her current predicament. Probably not, she thought, crossing her knees. Worse, definitely worse, she decided, putting her feet flat on the floor to find a more comfortable angle. "I was in great need of a friend." He dropped on the couch.

"As we discussed during our last session, being surrounded by people doesn't fill your emotional void." She licked her lips absently. "It doesn't measure up to a meaningful connection with a special person."

"Believe me, I gave it some thought. I do not quite apprehend this loneliness concept yet but I think I made a breakthrough."

"This is great Lucifer, does that mean you refrained from excessive partying? I imagine it can prove very challenging given your line of work."

"Oh, no, nothing so extreme doctor. You of all people know I have tremendous stamina." She wriggled on her seat. "This tension must be released to prevent uncalled-for reactions inherent to my nature."

"Because you are the Devil?" she smiled uneasily.

"Exactly! Surely you would not want me to unleash Hell in Los Angeles, would you?" he commented seriously.

"Of course not. It would be bad," she almost wailed. He stood up abruptly. She sat up with a start, grasping a pen from her desk. He started pacing the floor nervously. "What are you telling me then? What kind of breakthrough are we talking about here?"

"About this friend notion of course," he frowned. Was Dr Linda broken?

"Yes, yes, Father Frank's death affected you very much." Good, that sounded almost professional.

"Another low blow, courtesy of Father dearest," he said sternly. "It made me think that he could hurt people Iâ€¦" his voice wavered, "â€¦ care about to force my hand."

Care? His vocabulary had expanded dramatically since the last time they met. "Force your hand?"

"My failure to comply to His demands is likely to put them in great peril. But I refuse to be coerced. This is a bit of a conundrum, I'm afraid."

"Let's go back to this breakthrough. I will take a leap here and assumed you found your special person?"

"Yess, right," he hissed, swirling back to her. He put his hands on her desk, leaning in. She recoiled with a sharp intake of breath. "Would you believe that my partnerâ€¦"

"You're referring to Detective Decker?"

"Detective Decker, yes. Last night, she stormed into my loft, not really storm, more like showed up at my placeâ€¦"

"Which is it?"

"Let me explain. The access to my penthouse is provided by a private lift, elevator, sorry about that. In my mind's eye, I picture her

storming inside the elevator but when she reached my floor, the momentum was definitely lost."

"So, no storming?"

He shook his head. "I was on my way to meeting the Brittany's downstairs. I pressed the button, the doors opened andâ€¦" he stopped, struggling to put into words what happened the night before, "she was there, taunting me."

"Taunting yâ€¦ Okay. You call the elevator but it's already on your floor, and you're facing the detective, is it what you're saying?"

"Exactly. She looked disturbed."

"Detective Decker strikes me as a woman who's usually in control," she frowned.

"That is debatable," he said, his inflexion flat and distant. She is not in control of her life, he thought. That this poor mockery of a husband had still some reign over her, that he could provoke such a turmoil at the mere reading of a text proved otherwise. What did she see in that clod? It was appalling. "In any case, yesterday she was not, she was pissed."

"She was angry?"

"Sorry again. She was loaded, hammered, smashed, bombedâ€¦"

"Detective Decker was intoxicated," she asserted. "What did you do?"

"Though she seemed determined to keep her intoxication level in the red zone, I diverted her attention."

"You diverted? Lucifer, we talked about the importance of relying on your moral compass when confronted with difficult decisions. You understand you can't take advantage of a woman under the influence?"

Lucifer's mouth went slack. "Who do you think I am, some despicable philanderer?"

"I don't Lucifer, I'm simply clarifyingâ€¦"

"I don't deny that Detective Decker being immune to my natural charms, I have been devising cunning plans to have sex with her ever since we met."

"Yes, yes," she stuttered. "That would be my guess, yes."

"They all failed. Last night, she assaults me and still I do not falter in my resolve. I say no."

"Alright, that's intriguing. Why?"

"I must admit my reaction befuddles me."

"May I ask you what she did exactly?" she said, picturing Decker in a state of undress, humping Lucifer. "You said she assaulted you."

"Oh, she tried to kiss me," he shrugged it off. "Tell me doctor, am I coming down with some exotic disease? Because I don't mind the bleeding or being set on fire, but the Devil cannot have erectile dysfunction. On the other hand, my performance with the Brittany's this morning was nothing but stellar."

"Okay." Blood, fire, was it some sort of metaphors?

"And you maintain there is nothing wrong with her?" he insisted.

"Absolutely." She sighed. "I think you're making progress, Lucifer," she stated, regaining some composure at last. Lucifer was a complex case. He was a public figure, exhibiting uncanny insight into the human psyche. Despite being thoroughly knowledgeable, he was completely disconnected with his own feelings. His proprietary concern towards his partner combined with a never ending display of jealousy and his absolute trust in her proved Detective Decker was more than his friend. Either he's never been in love or some woman broke his heart, she mused.

"It doesn't feel like progress," he said moodily.

"You're finally getting in touch with your emotions, Lucifer. This is very good."

"The Devil doesn't emote." He sat back on the couch, brooding. "I had to put her to bed."

"Put her to bed?"

"Obviously, she was in no condition to drive," he said matter-of-factly. "She was lucky enough to make the ride to Lux without a scratch."

"You could have called her a taxiâ€¦"

"And let her be the target of some psychopath? No, thank you."

"Or drive her back home?"

"Ohâ€¦ I didn't think of that," he frowned. "Well, anyway, she was safer with me, in any case."

"I see. So what's the problem, Lucifer? She came to you as a friend, got carried away but you kept your end and stayed on course. This is very good or am I missing something?"

"Actually, she was a bit miffed this morning," he confessed.

"Despite you being a perfect gentleman?"

"Exactly, it doesn't make sense. I protected her and yet she seemed mad."

"I assume you slept on the couch?"

"Why would I do that?!" He looked horrified at the thought.

"Lucifer, did you sleep with her?"

"Certainly not!"

She cleared her throat. "I mean did you share a bed?"

"Are you unwell doctor? Long day at the office, perhaps?" She sighed. For some reason, her happy getaway for the weekend seemed like an idle fancy. "Right, I'll tell you again. Detective Decker was comatose, I undressed her, put her to bed and waited until she sobered up. She snores, by the way. Terribly unbecoming."

"In the same bed?" He nodded, studying his fingernails. "Lucifer, you invaded her personal space when she was unconscious, no wonder she's mad at you!"

"We've seen each other naked before, so no harm done here."

Dr Martin choked. "You have to respect people's boundaries, we've been over that already. Go to her, apologize."

"But I did nothing wrong!" he protested, hopping from his seat.

"You don't see it, do you?"

"I see the irony. Nobody wins," he growled, his glare directed at the ceiling.

"Lucifer, this is a relationship, not a competition. There's no winner. You have to accept it."

"No good deed goes unpunished, it kind of tilts the balance, doesn't it? I thank you doctor. I bid you good night."

He whirled around and was gone before she could say anything else.

2. Chapter 2

Session 2

"So what does it change Lucifer?" Dr Linda Martin pushed.

Lucifer stared at her, frowning. "Nothing, of course. You cannot argue that nobody can resist this indefinitely!" he gloated, swirling gracefully in front of her desk.

"I think you are happy to work with Detective Decker, you consider her as your peer?"

"Exactly. Our working together is a match made in heaven, no pun intended. I have repeatedly proven to be an invaluable asset in that detecting endeavour."

"And yet, you're willing to risk everything you've built together. Your actions probably damaged this rapport beyond repair," she insisted. She knew for a fact that sex had no significant meaning to Lucifer. It was something he was very, -very good at, and he never seemed to be in short supply of compliant women.

"I beg to differ. You urged me to demystify her, to take back control."

"Yes I did, but if you remember correctly, I never said sex was the answer."

"Right, but isn't it what humans do?"

"I'm not sure what you're getting at."

"It is my understanding that once you've ticked that particular box, you can move on."

"Move on? You can't move on from your feelings for Detective Decker. This is denial, Lucifer."

_"But he wasn't listening. Short attention span, that's exactly what Detective Decker had said. _

"It goes without saying, the sex was quite extraordinary. Perhaps I deserve a second helping. More like a ninth," he winked. She almost yelped. "It vexes you," he pondered.

"It doesn'tâ€¦" She cleared her throat, and looked away, squirming on her chair. "It doesn't look like you've moved on, rather that you're craving for more. Okay, let's discuss a more important problem. When she left your apartment, she was mad at you."

"Yes, because of the snoring," he chuckled. "Perhaps I should not have teased her. It was quite endearing actually."

"Lucifer!"

"Yes dear."

"She wasn't mad because of the snoring. She was mad because you two had sex."

_"Really?" Lucifer looked confused. He leaned in over the coffee table, fingers laced and brow furrowed. "Please explain."

_

"Friendship and sex rarely mix," she said, fidgeting with her pen. "She enjoyed it but now things have shifted. She feels guilty, ashamedâ€¦" His face was expressionless. "Lucifer, she's probably mortified! She's most likely questioning your partnership as we speak."

"It's a bit glum, don't you think? After all, you and I had sex and we're still friends," he said, his hand flying between them.

_"We're not friends. This," she mimicked his movement, "is a

professional relationship." _

_"So what is normal in a professional capacity cannot apply to a personal relationship?" _

_"No, Iâ€¦ It was a mistake," she squealed. She closed her eyes and took a deep breath. "We can'tâ€¦ I shouldâ€¦" _

_"Lucifer frowned. "Like I said, I don't mind keeping to our previous arrangement." _

_"No, no, we can't, I mean I can't," she tried. _

_"Come on, you know you want to," he leered. _

_"Again, this is not the point. No sex!" Her voice broke. _

_"I don't get it. This exchange of money is so trivial! I'm not a gigolo!" _

_"This is an apt observation, Lucifer. Except that your work here is to get better. A productive fee negotiation is meant to expand intimacy between us. On the contrary, to have sex with you would eventually lead to treatment stagnation." _

_"As you wish." _

_"She simply glared back. _

_"Right," he said sullenly. _

_"Back to Detective Decker. You took advantage of a woman in a fragile state." _

_"In a fragile state? News flash doctor, I'm the one who almost died!" _

_"Your life was in danger, she was probably worriedâ€¦" _

_"Her reaction was quite unexpected," he mused. "I never saw someone so relieved since Noah." _

_"Noah? Is he a friend of yours?" _

_"Hardly. My father made it clear I was not to approach anyone of their ilk after the apple incident. Certainly you're familiar with the Bible doctor? My father spared Noah and his family along with a great number of vile creatures. I must admit it was a powerful sight." _

_"What?" she managed. _

_"Never mind, it's been a while. When Detective Douche called her with the news I had been shot, she practically materialised at Lux." _

_"Wait a minute, who's Detective Douche? Is he a friend of this Noah character?" _

_"He waved his hand. "He's her ex. Detective Decker wanted to make

sure he was not lying."_

"Why would he lie?"

"Because he is quite prone to keeping essential facts from her, obviously. As soon as she realised I wasn't harmed in any way, she miraculously calmed down. At this point, she directed her anger at her ex."

"It sounds innocent enough. I guess her ex left at some point. You didn't mention it was a threesome, or am I getting the facts wrong?"

"No, you're not. Maze could have taken care of him, but she wasn't in the mood, and she had to dispose of the culprit."

_"What?" she said again. _

"Don't worry, nothing too dire. Long story short, Detective Decker seduced me with her tricks and feminine wiles. Who am I to resist? I am a fallen angel, not a saint!"

Dr Martin sighed. "Should I call Detective Decker, she'd corroborate your story?"

"Will she tattletale on me? Absolutely. If you must absolutely know, her ex broke up with her recently. She definitely needed my expertise to get back on the saddle, so to speak."

Dr Martin shook her head. Breaking up with an ex? That was weird. "In this particular traumatic instance your course of action is to betray her trust right after her ex did exactly that?"

"Ohâ€¦ I see," he said, eyes squinting in concentration. His face lightened. "But what about releasing this pent-up tension? Don't I get extra points for helping her?"

"Oh god, get a grip Lucifer! This is real life, not a reality show. Sex isn't a magic solution."

"Surely, it cannot hurt. Why would she be peeved for doing exactly what she asked of me, -eight times?"

"So this is like a game to you?"

"It was all in good fun, doctor, don't fret about it," he said.

Dr Martin felt very tired all of a sudden. It sounded like a blatant lie but she suspected Lucifer won't ever admit to the truth. "Lucifer, are you happy?" she asked, knowing she'll hit a nerve.

"Happy?" His voice wavered.

"Yes, imagine you're looking up at a perfect blue sky, you feel serene, at peace, complete."

"Blue sky? This is Los Angeles, it happens only on days that end in 'Y'."

"Let's try this. You're in a park, surrounded by childrenâ€¦"

"Bloody hell, why would I be?"

_"Oh, you don't like children?" _

_"Obnoxious little devils. Completely useless," he spat. _

"Good! We're making progress!" she rejoiced.

"We are?"

"Children are our future, why hate them? Do you consider them a direct threat?"

"The Devil doesn't scare easily, doctor," he huffed. "But children, seriously?"

"It is my understanding that Detective Decker has a daughter. Do you two get along?"

"Ah, Beatrice, yes. I suppose we do. She happens to be friend with Mazikeen as well."

"Maze, I'm aware, but what about you?" For the first time since she'd known Lucifer, he was at a loss for words. "Don't bother, we're out of time. Think about it, we'll discuss it next time."

"It's too hot in this five-story hellhole," Chloe barked. She disentangled herself from Lucifer and staggered to the bar. She reeled backwards, trash talking under her breath.

Lucifer woke up with a start, unsettled and sweaty. It was still dark outside. His left arm was stiff from holding Detective Decker close to his chest after they had fallen into slumber. His gaze followed her sluggishly. Her plaid shirt landed on the piano. Her pants dropped to the floor. She kicked them off with grace but eventually tripped over when she took off her boots. Giggling uncontrollably, she made a beeline to the bedroom, her hair Gorgon like. She slumped onto the bed, snatched her underwear with a loud burst of drunken laughter. Her bra got stuck onto the bedside lamp, and swayed for a minute. She hogged the bed with a contented sigh and started to snore without skipping a beat.

Lucifer was slowly getting back to his senses. So they had fallen asleep together. The Devil didn't need sleep, and never did before actually. He might have been a castaway, some would even dare say to his face he was a fallen angel, regardless, angels didn't need sleep.

Mystified, he padded to the bar. It appeared that his association with Detective Decker kept changing him in more ways than he initially thought. His hand dropped to the thin white line on his right thigh, proof positive he'd been injured when she'd shot him. He didn't need to touch his arm to check the burn marks. It was still hurting, a bit.

Wuss, her voice echoed. He chuckled.

He swallowed his scotch in one large gulp. How would it feel like to lie down with her and go to sleep, he pondered. Is the Devil ready to go domestic? He went to his room, and stood still, his stare stroking her naked body.

In the end, he pulled the sheets over her, settled in the chair facing his bed, and kept vigil until morning.

End
file.